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## Editor Hodges Not Drunk, but Rattled.

The following is from the Observer of May 5th:

"Should the preachers of the gospel of peace permit in calling the attention of the world to the candidacy of Col. Breckinridge from the pulpit, some godless heathen like Charles Moore who happens to have no secret grievances to gratify, will take it into his head to imitate the editorial tactics of the Observer and write a comparative history of Breckinridge and the devil, and ask the question in the name of the Christian religion, why do the Christians of Lexington and the country at large, permit David to appear before them in person to ask their individual forgiveness."

An appreciative stranger who reads that would naturally think that Editor Hodges of the Observer was something of a fool or was drunk. But he was neither. He is a cultivated and educated gentleman of good principles—though a moral coward—and the explanation of the evident phenomenon in the editorial which I have quoted from him is that he is "rattled."

This is a state of mind into which every editor is liable occasionally to fall. It is the result of overstraining of the brain, and is nothing more or less than temporary imbecility, which an editor has to expose in himself because his paper has to appear periodically regardless of his fitness to edit it.

Those are all good dictionary words and they are joined in one long sentence with apparent recognition of the rules of syntax, but you may read and re-read them and you will get no clear idea from the simple fact that the editor did not have clearly before his own mind what he wanted to say.

That peculiar quality characterizes everything said in the Observer of that date. Immediately following this squib is a long editorial about me, in which he tries to explain how sorry he is that he so badly frightened me by threatening in a joke, to kill me.

He says "Bro. Moore then became very much alarmed and got away so quickly that his frantically uttered (himself) could not explain that he was jesting."

While I am known not to be a fighting man, I am known to be a fighter like this is patent to anybody that knows anything about us.

He is considerably older and considerably smaller than I am, and he has been a dry goods merchant and an editor, and I have lately been working on the farm cutting and saving big logs of hard knotwood, and splitting them with maul and wedge. I think I could pick him up and carry him across the street and set him down, without hurting him, on the opposite side, in spite of anyone. He might do to prevent me, and if he does not think I can I will undertake the job anyway that he will name and meet me for that purpose.

Col. Hodges apologized to me, in the presence of my son, entirely at his own instance, and in a perfectly gentlemanly manner, and on this account I went to Judge Jewell and made arrangements not to appear against Col. Hodges. But not only in his interviews with the reporters, but here in his own paper, does he fail to make any allowance for the apology which he made me; but, while posing as a high toned Christian and full of expression of religious reverence he apparently wants to get the reputation of being a holy terror.

If he had just the candor and magnanimity, or even the simple justice to tell the plain facts about it, everybody, including myself, would have been willing to forgive and forget what everybody now thinks was an impropriety in him.

Col. Hodges is inconsistent, and his inconsistency sticks out everywhere. He complains of my being an infidel and that he can get to that fact by doing all before the public.

While he calls me "Brother" in his editorial about me, and says repeatedly that he is my friend, his allusions to me as an infidel and atheist and blasphemer are evidently intended to injure me and do injury more than the more open and more honest enmity of little Matthews the Campbellite Prohibition preacher. It injures me by making Christian people stop taking my paper without paying me for it.

Col. Hodges' paper in which all this petty appears has the advertisement and local notices of the race course, and the main advertisement that has ever been in his paper was that of the distillery of E. H. Taylor.

There is no race horse man or distiller in Kentucky that would be fool enough to try to get his advertisement in my paper, though the circulation of the Blade is probably ten times larger than that of the Observer. They simply know that they can't do it. But worse than all this, Editor Hodges' paper is filled with apologies for Billy Breckinridge, and the common enquiry is what is the job that Hodges expects to get to pay for all this boosting of Billy.

While Hodges is a Christian, almost as aggressive as Billy, the women of the country have printed their repudiation of him in the same way that they have of Billy, while, infidel that I am, nobody has seen anything that any woman has said blasting me, and this issue of this paper shows that they regard me as their friend.

Editor Hodges feels that he has exposed himself in his advocacy of Billy Breckinridge and he feels that people see it, and he does not sleep well under it, and he has "that tired feeling," and his efforts to perry the attack of Rev. B. Jones reminds me of what a snake does with his tail when you have your heel firmly on his head.

There is only one way that Editor Hodges can recover himself, and that is simply to acknowledge that he is wrong, and "back out and grease" and take a fresh start.

As it is now, the women and Rev. Jones and I all have him on the hip and to maintain an inglorious defensive is all that he can do.

If Billy is elected he may get his plum, but he and everybody else will know that it is the price of his manhood.

## 'Twas ever Thus.

Heresy is still recruiting from orthodoxy. This time it is E. C. (or C. H.) Garvin, of the "Christian" church, Professor of Theology in Butler University, at Irvington, Indiana. Prof. Garvin's offense is that he has said "the death of Christ has nothing to do with the salvation of sinners."

This of course is blasphemy, and disparaging to the Christian religion, as are many of the things that I have said and am still saying, and still intend to say, but the civil law in Indiana has not taken him in hand as it has done me in Kentucky.

The letters that I have received about my blasphemy indicates Indiana to be one of the strongest of infidel states, and it has been, and is, unusually active in Prohibition work.

This is the third instance of the development of heresy in Professors of theological institutions; the other two being Briggs and Henry Preserved Smith of the Presbyterian Church, as was also David Swing. R. C. Cave is another instance from the Christian church. McQuary and Dr. Thomas are respectively from the Episcopal and Methodist churches.

The list of heretics is gradually growing, while the fact that Joe Blackburn, an intellectual adult, was about to become a Christian excited the surprise of the country. The church holds its own by converting immature boys and girls, but among all these strange things that are happening these days by the way, no such thing as a scholarly man in mature years, and sound in body and mind, being converted to a belief of the Christian religion.

It is a most noticeable fact that while such prominent Christians as Beecher, Breckinridge and Talmage have had their morals assailed—the first two for fornication and the last for lying; being charged by his own congregation—no body has found any fault with the morals of any man who has distinguished himself by lapsing from the Christian faith, and Ingersoll, whose life has been watched more closely than that of any man in the United States, has never been caught in anything of which he or his friends are ashamed.

If religion evolves as much in the coming fifty years as it has done in the coming fifty years that I can recollect it, at the expiration of that time what we infidels now believe will be orthodox, and the something as unthought of by the infidels of this day as were the electric ideas of Edison fifty years ago.

I remember when hell was just as much preached about as heaven is now, and it was always described as a place of fire and brimstone down in the bowels of the earth. While the sermons in Lexington now the word hell will probably not occur once, and even when we do hear it, it is not in its old meaning.

The fear of hell has long been the lash that the church has held over the ignorant to terrorize them into submission, and the church will lose its hold on the masses in proportion as the belief in hell weakens.

As soon as Rationalism has gotten rid of the superstition about hell, it will attack that about heaven. While the story about hell is regularly and gradually weakening that about heaven is not gaining any strength. In the fifty years that I remember to have heard it talked about nothing new in popular conception of the place has been attained. It is now only, as for centuries it has been, a place where the people will have wings, and play on a harp, and have a palm leaf and walk on golden streets. There has been an attempt to add "golden slippers" to the angelic outfit, but it has proved abortive.

Modern modes of locomotion beat wings, brass bands beat harps, electric street cars beat golden streets, and the regular occurrence of popular airs is more in consonance with modern taste, than one eternal and monotonous shout of Hallelujah!

The Courier-Journal and Georgetown Times on Breckinridge.

The Courier-Journal and the Georgetown Times, have for the first time, in their recent issues come out against Billy.

They take great credit to themselves that they have been so conservative about this matter and the gullible, fool public accords them all that they have the monumental gall to claim.

The fact of the thing is that these two newspapers have simply been watching to see which way the cat was going to jump. They are editors for revenue only, and they did not say a word against Billy until they thought the rest of us had got him down, and now these men come out as the only modern emulators of the justice of Marcus Aurelius or Roman Alaricid.

The duty of any editor who is of any account to the world, is to manufacture public sentiment, and make it just and right, and not wait until somebody else has manufactured it, and then merely reflect what somebody else has done. A man who has had to wait this long to get onto Billy's racket and understand his true inwardness, has not brains enough to be trusted with the editing of a newspaper; and the man who did know about him and has not said it until this late in the day is not honest enough to be trusted with the editing of a newspaper.

For the Courier-Journal and the Georgetown Times to be arrogating to themselves special credit for never having blasted old Billy until now is an instance of gall only second to that of Billy himself.

Editor Charles C. Moore, to whom Professor McGarvey, referred as his "Heathen friend," was seated at the table with The Transcript man on the stage during the meeting and said:

"The chances for renomination or reelection are decidedly against Breckinridge. The reaction of the sentiment which Colonel Breckinridge created by the delivery of his lengthy address is wonderfully rapid. I find that men at that time would have sworn by him are now among his most bitter opponents. I am against him, as the public by this time is surely aware. Who am I for? Why the best and purest man in the district; the man of whose character no one can say aught, upon whose moral life there is not a blemish, whose political life is as pure as the spring water which ripples along in the small creeks of the Bluegrass Region, whose love for all things and persons pure, beautiful and virtuous, dominates over the desire for worldly gain—and that man is Judge J. R. Morton. If he should consent to become a candidate, I believe that he would receive more than twice the number of votes cast for either of his opponents. Yes, I think there is probability of his becoming a candidate."—Lexington Transcript.

That is what I said so far as the hard pan substance of it is concerned. The flowery part was gotten up by the reporter.

Since Billy's racket I shall always be afraid of any of that "silver tongue" business.

## THE WOMEN

Would nearly all vote against Billy.

The Courier-Journal, with its wonted imbecility and moral cowardice, has written an editorial about woman suffrage.

Its principle argument against it is that the women do not want it, as it says. It is too true that the inferior position into which men, by sheer brute force, have long forced women, has so morally and intellectually degraded the average women that she spends half her time thinking about getting her waist stuck up on her shoulders, and getting some feathers stuck up in her hat, at a time when the whole country is aglow with burning issues. But at the same time every woman in any brains in the country—and, as a general thing they are more intellectual and better educated than the men—can now see, in this Breckinridge-Pollard matter, more clearly than ever before, the reason why they should have the right to vote.

This great scandal case is a matter of even more than national importance. It

involves a principle that concerns every man and woman in any civilized government. The issue is between the sexes, Breckinridge is trying to establish what they call the "double standard" of morals, and Breckinridge, as the champion of this idea, has said that he could be guilty, with impunity, of a personal uncleanness that would ruin a woman. That this is historically true is now, and has long been, a commonly recognized fact, but it has been a fact that good and honest and intelligent people have always deplored, and the injustice of which has, until now, been, by all such people, recognized.

To save his own rotten hide, this old gray-headed libertine, is now trying to foist this deplorable and hitherto deplored fact into a place in the code of the unwritten law of the land.

That every old sin-soaked libertine in the country should tumble to his rackets in the case is that there are many instances of good men, who, having an ax to grind, or led captive by the seductive oratory of the man, or made to sympathize with him because so many men are against him, or made to first pity, then endure, and then embrace him, because of the real or supposed result of his crime, has undergone the result of his crime, are now his allies in his nefarious and diabolical purpose.

The principles of our government are supposed to put all of its law-abiding citizens, not only on an equality before the law, but also in social recognition. Or, if there be any difference in this regard, there is the unwritten law of civility that gives the woman some preference. But in this instance where there is a direct and square clash in the interest of the men to condemn the crime of Breckinridge and the interest of all women to condemn and punish him for his crime, and this crime is to be condoned or condemned by his election or defeat for Congress—the men can all walk up and vote their sentiments and the women cannot. And though it is not true that all the men in the country are libertines as Breckinridge and Phil Thompson have proclaimed, there are thousands of men as corrupt as Breckinridge, who will walk up and vote for him, because it is to their interest to stand by their own kind, who have wives just as pure as Breckinridge's wife, who is said to have died from a broken heart, from having discovered his perfidy and such women as these must stay at home and attend to the domestic affairs, and scheme to get a spring bonnet and a new dress with high sleeves on it to wear to church, while their lords and masters go to the polls to do the voting for both of them.

The man or the woman who can not see the injustice of this is a durned fool and is not worthy of the boon of civil or religious liberty.

And yet these old devils, with just as much hypocrisy as Billy Breckinridge in his Lexington opera-house speech, will say this is all right and get the preachers to have them say it, because a little old bow-legged Jew lawyer, who used to be in jail because they did not think as he did, and was so durned mean and ugly that none of the women would marry him, and who lived 5,000 miles from here nearly 2,000 years ago, had taken it on himself to say that no woman should speak in public, and that she must be in submission to her husband, and that every husband was a walking encyclopedia, or whether his idea was that no woman ought to know any more than her husband, I do not know, but that was the law he laid down, and that was the law like Madam de Stael and Harriet Beecher Stowe and Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Ward, and Queen Victoria, whose husbands nobody ever heard of, must go to those husbands to learn who to do, and Miss Francis Willard who has no husband, and Sara Bernhart who just "took up with" a fellow could just as still and suck their thumbs, with nobody to go to.

Think of Emma Abbott going to her husband to tell her how to play "Milk and Honey," or Mary Anderson deferring to her husband as to how to represent "Cymbeline" or "Portia" or "Juliet" or "Imogen." To do this and to take back to Congress is for the fathers of the race to say, in action that speaks louder than words, that the road to fame from Kentucky, is the path of vice. How any true good sensible woman who has a son to protect from the vice of this country can now say that she does not want to vote against this bad man, is more than I can understand.

Breckinridge, in his Lexington speech, told us how he sat up, until the gray dawn, wrestling with questions of finance. He is an old Jew. Even a boy in the country knows how he has been spending his nights, and squandering on strumpets, the money which he owed to his creditors, and could not or would not pay.

Phil Thompson, who has separated from his wife, and killed two men, is the kind of a man that Breckinridge employs for his counsel.

Under all the circumstances, I do not think it is very creditable either to the head or the heart of any woman to say she does not want to vote.

At the same time that the Democrats were offering old Cleveland and old Garfield and old Breckinridge, none of whom all things and persons pure, beautiful and virtuous, dominates over the desire for worldly gain—and that man is Judge J. R. Morton. If he should consent to become a candidate, I believe that he would receive more than twice the number of votes cast for either of his opponents. Yes, I think there is probability of his becoming a candidate."—Lexington Transcript.

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Meeting of Prohibitionists in Georgetown, Ky.

C. C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.

Dear Brother—At a meeting of a few of the Prohibitionists of this county on last Saturday, the undersigned were appointed a committee to write to some of the leading Prohibitionists of the district, asking them to meet here on the third Monday, next Monday, to discuss some matters pertaining to the future of the party in this district.

Your presence is requested.

Yours very truly,

JAMES B. FINNELL,

R. L. GARRISON,

Georgetown, Ky., May 14, 1894.

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Cousin "Willie."

Now that the famous, or rather infamous, Breckinridge-Pollard suit has been decided, the verdict given, we will gladly turn away from this dark picture with all its foulness and polluting influences. Man is fallible, and therefore his judgment cannot be infallible, or beyond contradiction and criticism. These are those who would try to find some palliation for Breckinridge's crimes by saying that Judge Brady was partial and unjust in his rulings. Be that as it may, there is a higher court and an all-wise and just judge, to whom this smooth-tongued liar will have to render an account; and be that decree as it may, all will be as to the justice of it.

The issue before the people of the Ashland district today is not between Breckinridge and Miss Pollard; but rather between morality as against immorality, for having made his name a synonym for falseness and immorality? If it was not so small and contemptible it would be amusing to read the piece in the "Bourbon News" and copied by several of our exchanges, trying to cry out persecution, by saying that Mr. Breckinridge had not been granted the rights usually accorded the worst criminal, "a fair impartial trial," as if he did not select his own counsel. Perhaps Miss Pollard suggested to Willie that he had better secure the aid of the illustrious Phil Thompson, and the dastardly coward was so much afraid of that pistol he dare not disobey.

No, Mr. Breckinridge stands self-condemned. He has admitted all that his friends of the Ashland district had felt sure he could successfully deny. He acknowledged on the witness stand that he had lied time and again. For instance, swearing on the witness stand that he had never defaulted in a professional way so as to require the advancement from personal friends to save him from prosecution, or, in other words, from the penitentiary. That he did become so involved has been a matter of public notoriety in Kentucky and all of the older men know it too. And yet he swears to a point blank lie that he ought to land him behind prison bars for the rest of his life, where he could have time and space for repentance for the meanness he has been doing all his life and so adroitly hidden till now.

Are the fathers and husbands, going to say, by their votes, to the younger men of our fair land, go default, lie, steal and seduce, (for it has been proven that he has been guilty of all), and we will stand by you and support you in it all? Men of the Ashland district I cannot believe you are so lost to all that is good and true as to be willing that this shall go down to other generations, and be made a fact in history, that the fathers have deliberately voted for a man that has so shamefully outraged the very name of decency. Can it be that this is the kind of man you are willing to send to Congress? Some are saying and trying to prove that Mr. Owens is as bad as Breckinridge. If he is there is one virtue he possesses over the smooth-tongued liar, that of not trying to pose as an "angel of light" make long prayers and honey-coated Sunday School speeches to innocent pure children.

Yes, Mr. Owens is a gambler, and God knows that is bad enough. They say "he does not gamble now through policy," but he had better cease gambling wrong from policy even if there is no higher motive. I ask any right thinking, fair-minded man to honestly decide which is worse, gambling or open continued adultery. It was not only with Miss Pollard, for every club that he has ever been member of has felt sure of his business in this respect, and all this while his pure true wife still lived and clung to him for that love and protection that he had sworn at the marriage altar to give.

Men let me beg of you, think before you vote, and don't, don't for God's sake, your children's and your country's sake, wilfully put this blot on our fair land. The words of Capt. R. H. Fitzhugh, a prominent writer and thinker, have the right ring to them when he says, "I am and have been a friend to Mr. Breckinridge, and if I thought he would take my advice I would say to him, now you cannot afford to ask your friends to drag themselves in the mire by casting their votes for you." He says he is surprised that Mr. B. should ask his friends to endorse his immorality, and thus send to their sons, that morality counts for nothing.

And Capt. J. R. Berry says, "I am a Confederate and have always voted for Breckinridge but he has left me no excuse for doing so now, he has admitted everything that the people of the Ashland district promised months ago to wait for him to deny. A man that will lie and impose on his friends as he has on Mrs. Blackburn, is not the man to represent me in Congress." Or will you say, as some do, that you will vote for him no matter what he does, or like Will S. Marshall, a well known publisher, gives his reason for wanting to send him back to Congress, that he will be ostracized socially and will have time to attend to business. Is this the kind of a man you want to represent you in Congress, one so vile and immoral that society utterly ignores him?

What influence do you suppose he will have in Washington, where his own testimony was given and it was seen how he lied in every point? Men who expect to vote stout and think what an awfully serious thing this is, and of the good men whom you have honored and who have honored you by being true to the trust imposed in them, and don't, don't disgrace their memory and yourselves by voting for a man so steeped in sin as the smooth, slick-tongued Billy B. ONLY A WOMAN.

Mrs. Sarah Sedgewick, of Memphis, Tenn., tells what Women think about Breckinridge and Miss Pollard.

To the Editor of the Blue Grass Blade.

During the discussion of the late unpleasantness in Washington, the women of this country could not help wondering why the men were so worked up by the fear of the terrible effects of the Pollard-Breckinridge case on the female mind. This was shown by their writings in the press, and the remarks of Col. Butterworth in Cincinnati, and to the jury. As he had reason to believe from the demonstrations of public feeling that his client was on the losing side, it was but natural that he should deplore the bringing of the suit. But women fail to see the reason for this general outcry on the part of men about its alarming effects upon the morals of American women, and rise to remark that the men had better look within for a mare's nest. Women have always striven far harder than they to uphold the standard of morality, and the less men meddle with them the better.

The women shrewdly suspect that the real reason of their terrible alarm is lest

some other Medeline Pollard, incited thereto by the success of this one, should "go and do likewise." If every Miss Pollard in the United States were to redress through the courts—it would certainly hurt no woman, nor would it ruin the thousand souls as Col. Butterworth suggests, though a good many thousand might wish they had never been born.

If all sinning men were sure of the punishment that Col. Breckinridge has received it would have a most wholesome effect. No doubt it has already, in some instance, proven a lesson and a warning. This is inferred from the vast amount of highly moral talk men have indulged in for the last few weeks, both in the press and out, and doubtless many a wayward husband has suddenly discovered that there's no place like home.

It has not hurt good women, and has only served to make vice seem more loathsome than ever to respectable people of both sexes, and to intensify their desire to see the Augean stables cleaned out, no matter how heroic the treatment. One-sided measures have never proven efficacious. Justice knows no sex, and demands that both sexes be judged by the same standard and punished accordingly. "For there is a sin that bane with one bane." It is not necessary of course to spread abroad all the disgusting details of such trials, but no one who has been thus wronged should be browbeaten from seeking redress through the courts—out of sentimental regard for the public's feelings. As the sun purifies, so will the search light of investigation into such evils, and the punishment of the wrong doer. It is in the pursuance of the policy of cloaking and covering up such vile deeds that they grow and flourish, for sin loves the darkness.

But curiously enough the men are all crying out, the woman is getting off too easy, she has sinned also, and yet she is going on the stage, going to get gold and glory. Why has she not received the usual punishment from her own sex? For this reason. Back of Miss Pollard, this one woman who has escaped a stoning in nineteen hundred years, (no wonder the show managers want her) is every woman in America. Her revenge is won. This was shown by the intense interest they took in the trial, and their universal delight in her triumph. That Miss Pollard was elevated was but a mere incident of a desire to degrade the man who has drawn upon himself the intense hatred and contempt of every woman in America, it is believed—with the single exception of Mrs. Bullitt, of Kentucky. The unparalleled impudence of the man who after confessing his iniquities, nonchalantly remarked that "such exposures as would ruin the woman only injure the man," was the straw that broke the camel's back.

The woman has turned. Every woman in the land, to judge from reports from all quarters, of the best and purest, mothers, wife and daughter, has registered a vow that it shall ruin him also, if she can accomplish it. His words and his manner said thus: "I am a man—nothing in the way of morality is expected of me. I can sin, and sin, and sin, and the woman whom I have ruined will go to perdition, and I will go to Congress."

As for Miss Pollard though no one deems her blameless—far from it—though all must concede that she was most sinned against, still seeing all that she had suffered, no one can begrudge her any comfort to be derived from stage gold and glories. And there is very little reason to doubt that if the world should treat her as it has for years past treated the man in the case, although fully aware of his notorious immorality, she should heap upon her honors and emoluments, should listen spell bound to her oratory, pay her six thousand a year, and send her to Congress, she might at least attain to the high moral standard of the average Congressman. And right now the women of this country want to know why it is that a candidate for Congress is not required to give a certificate of good moral character as well as a poor woman who applies for a clerkship in one of the departments. Surely the one office is more exalted than the other, and demands a more exalted character to fill it. We would as leave have our pensions, patents and mail dishes out to us by an immoral person, male or female, as to have our laws made by such.

The closing years of the nineteenth century will witness the beginning of a new era—and it is time. Breckinridge and Pollard are only straws which show the way the wind blows. If there is any doubt about women being able to raise the wind—just listen for the coming cyclone in Kentucky.

Now, as has been said woman has just discovered herself—but now that she is awake, she is very wide awake, and is ready for changes. It has gradually dawned upon her that she has all along, for nineteen hundred years been voting the wrong party. That there must have been something radically wrong with that plan, is evident since it has been signally unsuccessful in improving the moral condition of the world. That is disobeying the teaching and example of the Master she has brought upon the world most of the trouble and sorrows that exist. That by stoning the woman and letting the sinning man go free, she has defeated her own object. She has set a premium on man's immorality, and made his opportunities for sinning, and leading a double life, all the more easy and convenient. By stoning and ostracizing the erring woman, thus depriving her of all opportunity of earning an honest living, and regaining her own self-respect, which is denied to no man, however, kindly sent me the amount of my indebtedness to the Blade, and I will gladly pay it—the rich man's price, as my judgment number is in my judgment well worth a dollar.

I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts which arise in me when I read the Blade and other papers upon the affairs affecting my old home neighborhood in the past weeks. The truth is mighty and it will prevail. Very sincerely yours, W. G. MOORE.

Honored by the Covington Record.

The Covington Record has done me the honor to print in full my long editorial in which I prognosticate another American war.

## Where's Southgate.

Editor of The Herald:

I do not go to church, because I have sucked the orange dry, and it only a mock orange to begin with. The preachers have nothing new to tell any thinking man. It is the same story of original sin, and vicarious righteousness, and burning hell, and fiery devil that I have heard over and over again all my life. I gave up church attendance because I usually came home swearing after listening to their absurd and blasphemous teaching. For I hold it to be blasphemy to teach that a ghost raped a few women, who gave birth to a God who was as old as the ghost. I dislike to hear such legends woven about the life of the true and loving man Jesus.

Again, my business has brought me into almost daily contact with preachers, and I find them no better than other people. They are full of petty jealousy, they are very apt to lie and misrepresent, and I know there is not one out of fifty who believes his own doctrine. One of the leading Methodist preachers in Chicago told me he thought the plan of salvation was absurd nonsense, and one of the most prominent evangelists in this country, who was a schoolmate of mine, told me not long ago, when we were talking religion, that he didn't believe a word of it. He said: "I whoop it up in revival meetings because I get good money for it."

Why, then, should I fool away my time going to church to listen to preaching that the preachers themselves regard as only a fairy tale with which to hoodwink those who never stop to think. —H. L. K.—Chicago Herald.

"Owens will never overcome that speech," said "Heathen" Moore, to The Democrat. "Nothing like it since Demosthenes thundered against Phillips' sedition." Moore and Hodges were standing in the street together and we congratulated them on the "hoax" and their unity. Moore wore a white ice-cream freezer linen duster and held a "grip" and he and Breckinridge were the most picturesque pair to be seen in the throng. Moore hurried off after inviting us to a glass of Hire's root beer, for his train, as he had an engagement in Cincinnati to "preach" Mohammedan doctrines. Hodges had out an extra edition of the Observer and it was gobbled up. One man shouted, "the sinless man does not live in Kentucky," and another said, "by ganny, he ain't in this desert." "Billy I love you next to Betty," I denounce one man and I am ready to meet him any way," said Breckinridge. "You don't mean Charlie Moore," shouted another, and the house roared with laughter, as B. smiled through his anger and tears.

McAfee Duncan divided his time between Breckinridge and Moore, and he says Moore is a great man. Moore and Mack took a drink together, of the dry sort, soda water. Moore lives on exercise and blue lick.

The sermon of Charles Moore at Cincinnati Sunday was 94 pages, and treated of 437 subjects. He took a crack at creation during these crackling times, and was warmly received. —Nicholasville Democrat.

A Presbyterian Lady who wants to see "Behind the Bars."

Mrs. James R. Haley, a Presbyterian who has her membership at Mt. Hope, "Willie" Breckinridge's church—has from the very beginning been one of the warmest friends to the Blue Grass Blade, and to my book "The Rational View." She has sent the book to a lady friend in France, and regularly sends her copy of the Blade there. Mrs. Haley expresses great desire to see my unpublished book "Behind the Bars" that I wrote while in jail in Paris. I am just as ready as soon as the last copy of the "Rational View" is sold.

I think the "Rational View" is, by considerable odds, the biggest thing that I have ever done. It is a neatly bound book, and I sell it for 50 cents, postage prepaid. I think the book is fully worth that, and I take it as a kindness when one orders it from me.

I will take the stump for Billy if he does.

A dispatch to the Courier-Journal says that Elder John S. Sweeney of Paris has been called upon to run for Congress in the event of Breckinridge's nomination. Sweeney is the sweet scented geranium that had me put in jail. If Sweeney comes into the race I shall take the stump for Billy. Billy is pretty tough but he would not put me in jail because I do not believe in his religion.

Cincinnati Commercial reports me wrong.

The Cincinnati Commercial has reported me as saying "I am in favor of making Sunday or any other day a day of rest." I said "I am opposed to making Sunday or any other day a day of rest." I think all Sundays and Sabbaths are bad institutions, and encourage ignorance and drunkenness.

The oration itself cannot be praised too highly. It was a surprise to all, and even his bitterest enemies expressed an unbounded admiration of what they styled a great speech. At the depot I had a talk with Editor Chas. C. Moore of the Blue Grass Blade fame, and those who have read this journal know that Mr. Moore has no prejudice in favor of his "Cousin Willie." In speaking of the speech Editor Moore had nothing to say that was not kind and complimentary. —Anderson News.

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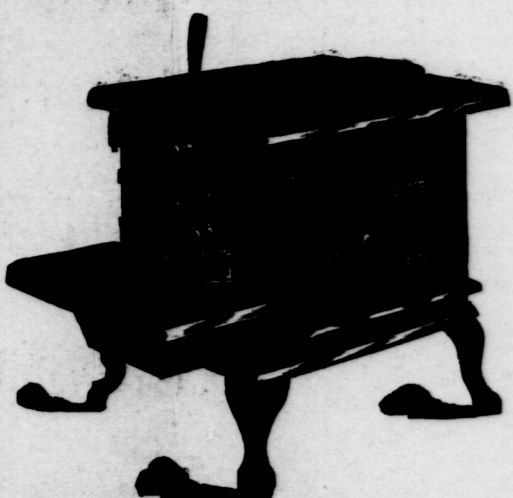
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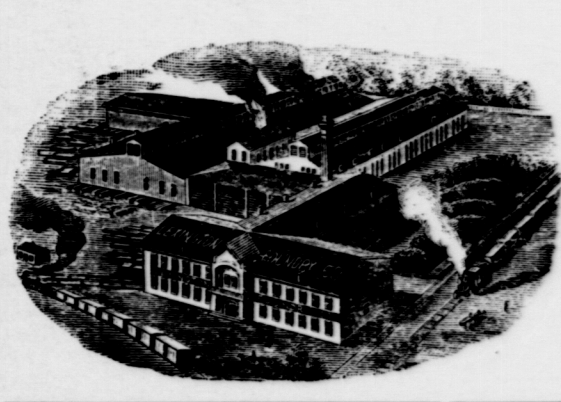
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# ANTI-BRECKINRIDGE

Meeting—A part of the Lexington Transcript's report of Opera House Proceedings.

Never, in Kentucky, if indeed in America, or the world, has there been so great and so grand an aggregation of the intelligence and morals of any country, to protest against the immorality of any one man, as that which met at the Lexington Opera house, Monday, May 14th, to express, in the most unqualified terms, its deep detestation, condemnation and repudiation of the dishonorable William Campbell Preston Breckinridge, liar, libertine and dead-beat.

This is not language that I use simply because the man has so degraded himself as to license any man to speak, with impunity, almost any evil of him, but of the greater two of these charges he stands guilty under his own oath, and that he is a man who will not pay his debts promptly, if at all, is largely known in business circles.

I am by no means certain, nor have I been, from the beginning of his Pollard exposure, that murder, or *paricide* *crimes* in murder, does not properly belong in the long list of his crimes, and that murder of the foulest and blackest dye—the infanticide of his ill-illuminated progeny. That children were born to this animal union is, by them admitted. There were several of these children, and children of their kind always live, in spite of the devil and the doctors, if they have half a chance.

That the parents of these children were of unusual bodily vigor I suppose no expert in America is prepared to deny, and yet that any of them lived beyond the short span of early infancy nobody knows. A man who is capable of cloaking his crimes in religious hypocrisy as Breckinridge has done, is capable of any crime, and he and his paramour should be arrested and examined and be made to show by the proper certificates of physicians or accoucheurs that those children died from natural and unavoidable causes.

Judge Durham has been, by some, adversely criticized because in his speech before that assembly, he alluded to Breckinridge as a "whoremonger." I honor the grand old man, because he is not afraid to talk to those who are proud of their Saxon blood. Billy Breckinridge is not the kind of a man to be handled with sugar tongs and handed around on a rose leaf, as "Fannie Fern" said of N. P. Willis. The crimes of such men as Breckinridge are, in these days of journalistic prudery so sugar-coated with French terms and Latin technicalities that the yeomanry of the land scarcely know what he is charged.

The New Testament says "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge," and when a degenerate clergy, belated and belittled with all the gew-gaw clap-trap and ginger bread tinselry of modern ecclesiasticism, becomes too finical to quote the King James version of the New Testament, who only endorse its plain, blunt, honest, home spun morals, am glad that a man like Judge Durham, though once himself in the Congress of the United States, can now come to the front from the secular walks of life, and blast this grey headed hypocrite in the language that the English New Testament has furnished for that purpose.

The immense audience that filled every available foot in the Opera House—many being unable to get in—had in it but little if any of that namby-pamby damned stuff that they call the elite and the "four hundred" of Lexington. They, and the machine politicians, and the ward bummers, and the hoodlums were, happily distinguished by their absence. The people who composed the audience were the very pick and choice of the intellect and morals of the Blue Grass of Kentucky; and they were there without regard to politics or religion; I, as secretary, heard many a heathen end of it and receiving even more than my share of kind allusions from the Christian speakers.

The speech of Judge Durham, intrinsically strong, gains additional force from his high record in Congress and his grand and pure life as he goes in and out among us, in his daily walk and conversation, and his recital of his experience that they were the "iron tongues," and not the "silver tongues," that did the good in the Congressional affairs of the nation, will rob this community of that fatal, ignis fatuus glamour, that hangs on a "silver tongue" when it is wagged in a brass cheek and an iron jaw.

The letter of Judge Morton, which I felt honored even to have the privilege of reading to that assembly, marks him prominently among the men of true steel in our state.

We all know that it is to the interest of a politician, in this state, to stand by the ring, but Judge Morton's letter has placed him, in the estimation of our best people, far ahead of any ring in this, or any other State.

He had been a brave companion in arms with Breckinridge, and in common with all the rest of us, appreciated, and was proud of his distinguished genius; but Judge Morton saw, as every man of sense must see, that the fact of Breckinridge's genius is all the greater reason why he should not be allowed to cast the Upas shadow of his influence upon this devoted land.

The words of Rev. J. W. McGarvey, the young David—the little giant champion of Lexington's morals were clear-cut, concise, forcible, moderate and conservative though reasoning with the "Atlantic salt" and Irish wit, that his name and Hibernian extraction warrant. In this connection, it is proper to say that the only hiatus in the enjoyment of the occasion was that Judge Mulligan, the prince of Irish wits, was not present, or at least did not answer to the perfect clamor of calls for him to come to the stage and give us a sample of his distinguished aversion to Breckinridge.

Prof. Rucker, modest as he always is, was simply forced on to the stage and forced to speak, and he did this with the force and beauty that distinguish all his efforts in this line, and I want it remembered, to the credit of Prohibition, that two out of three speakers of the occasion, McGarvey and Rucker, are men who have distinguished themselves in Prohibition work.

My purpose in the carrying out of the program of the evening was to have Judge Mulligan close the speeches of the day, and I think that it was a mistake of the honorable chairman, W. B. Hawkins, that Judge Mulligan was not heard from. I believe that meeting was the political death knell of Breckinridge.

At 2:10 o'clock Rev. R. T. Mathews stepped to the front of the stage and stated that as Judge Morton was compelled to be absent, he nominated Mr. W. B. Hawkins for chairman. His motion was quickly seconded, and Mr. Hawkins was elected chairman. The newspaper men present were appointed secretaries, and at the chairman's request Mr. Charles C. Moore read the following letter from Judge Morton:

JUDGE MORTON'S LETTER.  
LEXINGTON, KY., May 14, 1894.  
Mr. James M. Graves and others, committee:

GENTLEMEN—I exceedingly regret that a professional engagement in Winchester, Ky., prevents my participation in the meeting of the citizens of Fayette County, held today for the purpose of protesting against the renomination for Congress by the Democratic party of Colonel Breckinridge. With a majority of our people I share the opinion that the renomination of Colonel Breckinridge would carry with it the implication that our people either approve of, or are indifferent to the immoralities confessed by Colonel Breckinridge on the trial at Washington.

While I do not believe that any considerable portion of the followers of Colonel Breckinridge are conscious that their support of him involves such an implication, yet whether he be supported from gratitude for favors received, sympathy for his misfortune, Christian forgiveness of his sin, or the belief that he can best serve his district in Congress, a close analysis of such reasons supports the conclusion stated. Some of these reasons, while creditable to human nature, but illustrate misguided responses of generous nature, and some involve a misconception of the exigencies of public service, and the support of such reasons clearly show that the confessed immoralities are minimized or that forgiveness is confounded with crowning.

Upon the issue stated, from which there is no escape, I can not doubt that a renomination of Colonel Breckinridge will be disastrous to the best interest of the Ashland District, the State of Kentucky and the Democratic party of the nation. These times impose duties upon every member of the Democratic party—each of us must meet that duty and discharge it. I have confidence in the intelligence and integrity of my party; and I can not doubt that the Democracy of the Ashland district will meet the issue presented to them as they have the issues in the past, and that the result will be such as all good citizens can appreciate.

I do not think the meeting should indulge in harsh or hard words in criticizing those who differ with us. I trust the result of the meeting will be a manly appeal to the intelligence and courage of this district. Trusting your meeting will, in every sense, secure that success its purposes merit, I am, with great respect,  
J. R. MOORE.

The chairman then introduced Prof. J. W. McGarvey who made a speech which was well received and which created a profound impression. After he had finished, the Committee on Resolutions, consisting of W. W. East, Hugh O'Neil, J. M. Graves, D. F. Frazier, G. A. DeLong, and James McConally, reported through Judge Phelps, the following resolutions which were adopted by a unanimous rising vote:

Whereas, The people of this Congressional district have been shocked and grieved by the revelations recently made of the immoralities on the part of our Representative in Congress, continued during his whole term of service; and

Whereas, The prompt re-election of a man of such habits would necessarily be regarded by the whole civilized world as an approval, or at least a condonation of his crimes against social order, would bring upon ourselves a large share of the disgrace which now attaches to him; would be setting an example before the youth of our State and of our country, subversive of all moral sentiment, and would especially proclaim to aspiring young men that among the people of Kentucky gross immorality is no hindrance to high official preferment; therefore be it

Resolved by the men and women here assembled:

1. That we remonstrate, in the name of the district of our beloved State and of common decency, against the renomination of Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge.  
2. That we hereby pledge ourselves to do all in our power that is lawful and honorable to prevent his nomination.  
3. That we hail the hearty and almost unanimous co-operation of the women of this district in this, our uprising against a great wrong as a guarantee of the righteousness and purity of our cause.

4. That we recommend the calling of meetings like this and the adoption of similar resolutions in every county in the district.

Mr. Harry C. Clay presented and read the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The Ashland district of Kentucky has been known and honored of all men by the noble and honorable services of such illustrious men as Clay, John C. Breckinridge, Crittenden, Beck and Blackburn; and

Whereas, The present incumbent, W. C. P. Breckinridge, has by his conduct caused the eyes of the Nation to be turned upon us with anxious expectancy; therefore be it

Resolved, That in this hour of supreme trial, we affirm our support to honor, truth and morality, and pledge our lives and our honor to their maintenance.

Second, That we most urgently request our senior Senator, Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn, whom it has been the pleasure of the district often to honor, to obtain leave of absence from the Senate and return to this district to protect from roasting against the re-nomination of W. C. P. Breckinridge.

Third, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the United States Senate as a petition for leave of absence for Senator Blackburn.

After Mr. Clay had read his resolution Judge Phelps read the following which was handed in by the ladies:

Whereas, W. C. P. Breckinridge has announced himself as a candidate for election to Congress from the Ashland district, notwithstanding his confession, under oath, of flagrant and habitual licentiousness and hypocrisy; therefore, resolved:

1. That we women of Kentucky and Fayette County, Ky., do solemnly protest against the renomination as the representative of this district.

2. We believe that such an endorsement of W. C. P. Breckinridge at the polls would be a disgrace to Kentucky, a shame upon womanhood, an insult to womanhood, a sinful example to youth, and a menace to both society and the home.

3. We earnestly implore our fathers, husbands and brothers to wipe out the stain that W. C. P. Breckinridge has brought on the fair fame of the Ashland district.

This was adopted unanimously. In response to loud calls Judge M. J. Durbin arose and made a splendid speech, in which he paid a glowing tribute to the ladies.

After he had finished there was a perfect storm of calls for Judge James H. Mulligan, but after nearly five minutes of constant yelling the audience found the professor would not respond.

Professor J. J. Rucker, of Georgetown, then made a few remarks denouncing Breckinridge, then Rev. E. L. Southgate adjourned the meeting with prayer.

Wants It For a Literary Curiosity.  
BLUE GRASS BLADE,  
Lexington Kentucky.

Enclosed is the subscription money of a heathen and a Prohibitionist. I think your ideas on those subjects are not far off, but I don't like your manner of treating them. I want your paper as a literary curiosity. Direct,  
Lieut. W. O. Johnson,  
Sault Ste Marie, Mich.

## The Lexington Observer Says I Was the Most Popular Congressman Candidate, Before the Anti-Breckinridge Meeting.

The Lexington Observer of May 19—Col. John G. Hodges editor, in speaking of the late Anti-Breckinridge meeting at the Lexington opera house, says:

"The audience seemed to be entirely harmonious in denunciation of Col. Breckinridge, but beyond this an apparent difference of opinion existed.

From demonstrations made by the audience there were a number of gentlemen who could have counted friends on the floor, had their names been announced from the platform as choice of the meeting for Congress.

Among them Gen. Gentry would have probably polled more votes than any one excepting possibly, C. C. Moore, and the others would have come, in number in about the following order: Hon. Milton J. Durham, Col. Wm. R. Milward, Judge J. R. Morton, Prof. J. J. Rucker. There was no way of ascertaining the strength of either of the announced candidates as none of them were present in person, or had a recognized representative there.

The resolutions passed were strong, and well defined, and the order of the meeting decorous."

## Long Questions and Short Answers.

LEXINGTON, KY., May 19.  
Mr. Moore I would like to ask you a few questions, not that I pride myself on my intellect or learning. You say you believe Jesus was a good man and also that you are a friend to woman.

1. Why should you believe Jesus was a good man; did he misrepresent himself in claiming to be the son of God? In what respect are you a friend to woman?  
2. Would you take the faith in God from them and place them back in heathenism? You say you would give woman the ballot. I would vote if I could by voting stop the saloon drunkenness and corruption; that's all. There are enough men to make the laws and govern the country if drunkenness and corruption were suppressed.  
3. What does woman want with the ballot if the grace of God is taken from her? You call yourself woman's friend and would take the greatest comfort woman has on earth. You say you are not trying to change any one's belief, then for God's sake and for the sake of prohibition and the people, desist in writing infidelity and such terrible things about the Bible and edit a prohibition paper or quit.

4. You do not believe there is a God and I know there is a God and if he had not been a true friend to me I would have filled his grave with a very great weight from my heart and soul, then I could smile and even feel happy. You may say that I am just a weak credulous woman; why I believe such things, and not self sufficient and self sustaining like a big strong clear headed man as you are. I thank the Lord that I am weak and credulous if it makes me believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. I am thankful there are a great many men as large clear headed and intellectual and you feel yourself to be (who has studied theology and believe as I do).

5. What would woman or man be without the christian religion?

6. What would you be?  
7. Would you like to have an infidel wife and children? You were raised by christian parents, but they made a great mistake in having you study theology to prepare yourself for preaching when you never had been converted and fell so far short of religion.

8. Were you acting like a hypocrite when preaching and baptizing? Supposing there was no God and it was all hallucination of the mind that caused people to believe in God, what good would it do you if you were to become a christian? If you have done more to christianize and civilize the world than any other belief? And if right or wrong you will not have to answer for what others, personal or believing. As you say it is a free country and every one has the right to their own belief, and so they have, and do not suppose any one will try to compel you to believe or to differ from what you do, but would be delighted to know you did.

9. I think you have lost a good many true friends by the course you have taken. A great many right minded people were delighted when you first commenced your paper as a prohibition sheet, and thought it was a prohibition paper, and thought you right in rebuking hypocrites severely, and striving with the help of the people, to put down drunkenness and corruption.

10. Are you trying to do it?

11. Is your paper a prohibition paper? What are you editing your paper for?

12. Do you expect to accomplish any good? You say that for high qualities of head and heart and for personal popularity among the people of all kinds, there is not a family of the size of yours in Fayette county that equals yours, and ordinarily it would be unbecoming in you to say this, but such vicious and defamatory articles are always printed about you that you are driven to this in self defence.

13. Now why is this?

14. Do you write anything hurtful to other people?

15. Are you doing toward other as you would like to be done by?

16. And are you printing anything wrong? Perhaps you do not think it wrong, and perhaps those who are writing about you do not think it wrong.

17. This is a free country and people have a right to think what they please, but when they think very disagreeable thoughts which are very hurtful to religious principles and other peoples feelings, it is time to keep their thoughts to themselves and do unto other as they would like to be done by.

A WOMAN.

ANSWERS.

1—Because he said and did good things.—No.—In every respect.

2—Yes.

3—Wants it to vote against Breckinridge.

4—If you know that that settles it.

5—Heathen.

6—A heathen.

7—Yes.

8—Quite true.

9—Yes.

10—Yes—Glory.

11—Because they are liars.

12—Yes; bad people.

13—Yes.

14—No.

15—Can't see it.

16—The grammar and spelling are yours.

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The Man Who Wrote This, in The Lexington Press is a Damned Liar.

EDITOR PRESS.  
At the risk of being called thick headed I am going to ask a question. How is it that a convention of ministers and ladies, who preach and worship Jesus Christ, should appoint as secretary of that meeting a man who is under indictment in the court for blaspheming the name of this same Jesus Christ, who, it is claimed, is the inspiration of those who are opposed to Col. Breckinridge? Which is the worse, the immorality of Col. Breckinridge or the blasphemy of C. C. Moore? The one who was immoral and has acknowledged his sin and abject repentance, is spit upon by the preachers, while he who defames the name of Christ and his holy mother, which is an unpardonable sin, and glorifies in it, is taken to the ministerial arms and elevated to a place of honor in a meeting that is run by preachers. Please explain this.

That the man who wrote that, is, as he suggests "thick headed" goes without saying, but in addition to this he is, like his friend Breckinridge, a damned liar. The man "R" is probably like some of the other pseudo writers against me in the Press, a mere figment of the Press' vivid, but mainly imagination, and untrue. His personality is plainly given in the Press my language is intended to apply to the whole Press gang.

In the last issue of my paper, in writing to a Catholic priest, Martin Mahoney, of St. Paul, a fervent and beautiful character who is my personal friend and whom I dearly love, I used this language in answer to his printed article that was in my paper, and to his long personal and private and loving, and religious letter to me that contained \$5.00 to help me.

"I gave to your learned argument all the weight that, in my judgment, it deserved, augmented by the personal prejudice that I have for you; and still Jesus of Nazareth seems to me, only a good man, whose soul, like your own, was all aflame and aglow with love to man, and I believe that it was the grand womanhood of his mother, rather than any superior excellence in his father, that made him what he was; for nearly all the great and good of earth have been their mothers and not their fathers have made them."

It is impossible that any man who has only sense enough to write the card in the Press can construe that language to be defamatory of the "name of Christ and his holy mother," and he maliciously and knowingly lied when he wrote that. As to why that assembly appointed me its Secretary is a question for them and not me to answer. But I suppose it was because the people of this country excepting Southerners and a few of his pals like "R," do not consider blasphemy a crime, and do consider Breckinridge's distinguished "immorality" a crime, and they wanted me for a Secretary because my editorial calling fitted me for the purpose, and because in a meeting, the purpose of which was to discuss the "immorality" of Breckinridge, and not the "blasphemy" of Moore, a man who has been prominent as an opponent of Breckinridge.

Editor C. C. Moore made a point in his first revised BLADE that struck a responsive chord in every merciful breast. He said no doubt readers were expecting him to score Breckinridge as he had done in the days of his success, but that now that the noble stag, because of great weakness had been desperately wounded and everyone was hounding him he desisted to be one of the pack. He went back on this, but it doesn't change the sentiment.—Kentuckian Citizen.

While this is substantially correct some explanation is necessary to do me justice. Long before this last Pollard development against Breckinridge, and when

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LEXINGTON, KY., Feb. 5, 1894.  
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